

THE
LITERARY LOUNGER.

MARCH, 1826.

THE DRAMA.

ACTORS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT DAY.

"They think *no* merit equal to the *past*."

It is a peculiar privilege of *elderly* gentlemen to deprecate every thing pertaining to the present state of the drama; and to refer you to their *own times* for the period when acting was in its perfection. In every drawing-room we meet with these sagacious individuals, and the attentive auditor in a theatre is frequently interrupted by their critical exclamations.

A few evenings since, an aged gentleman was my companion in a box at Drury Lane, whose able criticisms on performers of the old school evidently shewed him to be possessed of considerable literary talent; yet he was one of those so strongly prepossessed in favour of the past, that I was inclined to pity the failing of a man who depreciated the present, though so very capable of doing justice to both. He was enthusiastic in his praise of Garrick, and dwelt for a long time on that performer's wonderful delineation of Macbeth. The scene with his wife after the murder, my informant described as a "paralysing effort of human genius!" The only actors who could in the least compete with Garrick, were (he said) Barry and Henderson; the former of whom excelled him in Romeo and Othello, and the latter in Shylock.

Kemble he described as a cold and monotonous declaimer, a fine reader of plays, but a bad actor of them. On my referring him to

Dr. Williams's (Antony Pasquin) opinion of Kemble,* he exclaimed, "Prejudice, my dear sir, mere prejudice. You have a great opinion too of Kean; I never in my life saw a greater compound of negligence, absurdity, and folly." "But, sir, the Richard of Kean ——" "Is a bubble, sir, to the delineation of the part by Garrick. There was more *mind* in any one scene of his, than in the whole play as given by Kean. Kean, sir, I consider merely capable of being the hero of your melo-dramas; he is the *soul* of such things; there he is indeed great; I may say, wonderful; but as the representative of Shakspeare, and the successor of David Garrick! the supposition is a libel on the British stage."

Of our comic actors, he described Munden as a mere grimacier and vile mannerist, and Liston as the veriest buffoon ever allowed to tread the stage. On my inquiring that, as the dramatic talent of *our* time was so very insignificant, why he still visited the theatres, my aged friend replied, "To hear your *vocalists*. I am willing to admit that on this point *we* are equalled, perhaps surpassed. Your Braham is a musical prodigy; and Sinclair, but for his affectation, would be very great. Then Miss Stephens is one of the most delightful syrens I ever heard; her ballad-singing is superior to Billington's; it is more natural, and she has infinitely more pathos than her great predecessor. Then again, your Paton, how exquisite are her bravuras. I will go farther, there is no female I have ever listened to with more fixed attention, than your Miss M. Tree, her vocal powers though they do not astonish you, yet have a far greater charm, forcibly speaking to the human heart. Insensible, indeed, to every domestic feeling must be that man who could refuse his unqualified approbation to the sweet warblings of this child of song; but she has left us ——" "How greatly," rejoined I, "is that man to be envied, who could succeed in obtaining possession of such excellence." "You are right, sir, you are right; I wish not to be considered a dotard. Time, that universal

* "We knew the late Mr. Garrick as a man, and are among the most enthusiastic of his admirers as an actor; yet, we must in candour confess, that we never beheld that histrionic prodigy in all his professional luminousness, with a more unmingled delight than we felt on beholding Mr. Kemble's personification of the stern Coriolanus."—*Dr. Williams' Critique on Coriolanus.*

leveller, has sapped up all the fiery passions of my youth, but there was a period ——” and he was interrupted by shouts of laughter from all parts of the house—Liston had said something *funny*. My companion smiled, and turning to me, said, “This is what you moderns term *wit*; never was word more misapplied. And are the inestimable productions of a Wycherly, a Steele, a Congreve, or a Farquhar, to give place to such dramas as the one we are now witnessing the performance of? In my time, authors wrote for, and actors played to, the sensible portion of the audience; now they only seem to court the approbation of the upper gallery; any thing to raise a laugh, no matter how preposterous. It would be difficult to trace this depravity to its proper source; but I will not libel the taste of the town so far as to suppose it insensible to the merits of the legitimate drama.” The curtain at length dropped, and I reluctantly parted with my communicative friend of the *old school*.

One of his arguments, I must confess, I considered unanswerable, namely, the great falling off in our comic writers. His opinion, that actors of the present day are not equal to those of the past, I take to be mere prejudice. Can any one for a moment suppose, that even Garrick could have represented Brutus, Hamlet, or Coriolanus, with more natural fire than *our* Kemble! or that Barry could have given more effect to Romeo than that imparted to it by its present personator; and where shall we look for the actor who ever equalled the Othello of Kean; or the Iago and Pierre of Young?

HORACE TEMPLETON.

THE SWEETEST FLOWER.

In my parterre
 Three flowrets bloom,
 That fill the air
 With sweet perfume,
 Then tell me, tell me which may be,
 The sweetest flow'r of all the three?

The pink, the rose,
 And lily vie,
 To meet applause
 From ev'ry eye ;
 But one alone can touch the heart,
 And joy to ev'ry sense impart.

The pink is like
 A sister's love,
 That ne'er can strike,
 Or passion move ;
 And oh ! the lily's hues are such,
 They're sullied by the slightest touch.

Of all the flow'rs
 That breathe perfume,
 Let this be ours —
 The rose's bloom—
 I choose the flower that seems to be
 By far the sweetest of the three.

CARLO.

BASSOMPIERRE.

[Concluded.]

DURING the king's indisposition, Bassompierre and two other noble-men sat up with him alternately. And several of the princesses, as was usual, coming to visit his majesty, among whom were the Duchess d'Angouleme and her niece, he conversed with the latter, telling her he would love her as his daughter, and that she should remain at the Louvre during the year of her husband's attendance, as first gentleman of the chamber ; and that he wished her to tell him frankly if the intended match was agreeable to her : for that he could break the engagement and even unite her to his * nephew if

* Henry the Second, Prince of Condé, was not strictly speaking nephew to the king, but son to his first cousin, Henry the First, Prince of Condé, and grandson to his uncle Louis the First, Prince of Condé.

she approved of it. She replied, that as Bassompierre was her father's choice, she should think herself very happy with him. "He afterwards owned to me," says Bassompierre, "that this answer made him resolve to break my marriage, fearing she would love me too well if I married her." The king passed a sleepless night after this conversation, for "love and the gout," says our author gravely, "keep those whom they attack very much awake. He sent for me," continues Bassompierre, "the next morning by a page; and when I went to him, he demanded why I had not attended him the preceding night. I replied, it was the Duke de Gramont's night, and the next would be mine. He told me that he had never closed his eyes, and that he had often thought of me. Then, making me kneel upon a cushion by his bed side, continued to say that he had thought of me, and of providing a match for me. I who had not the slightest suspicion of what he was going to add, replied, that if it had not been for the indisposition of the constable that would already have been accomplished. "No," said he, "I was thinking of uniting you to Mademoiselle d'Aumale, and by means of this marriage to renew in your person the Dutchy d'Aumale." I asked him if he meant to give me two wives. He then replied with a deep sigh, "Bassompierre, I will speak to you as a friend. I am not only in love, but madly in love with Mademoiselle de Montmorency. If you marry her and she loves you, I shall hate you. Should she love me you will hate me. It is better that our friendship should not be broken by the union, for I have a sincere regard for you. I am resolved to marry her to my nephew the Prince de Condé, and keep her in my family. This will be the comfort and amusement of old age, to which I am fast approaching. I shall give to my nephew, who is young and loves the pleasures of the chase much better than female society, a hundred thousand francs a-year to amuse himself with, and I will not expect any other favour from her than her affection, without pretending to any thing more." As he was saying this to me, I considered that if I should refuse to give up my pursuit it would be a useless imprudence, since he was all-powerful. I therefore resolved to yield to him with a good grace, and said, "Sire, I have always desired one thing, which has happened when I least expected it, which was that I might be able, by some signal proof, to demonstrate to your majesty the ardent affec-

tion I bear you, and the sincerity of my attachment. Certainly there cannot be a greater than to renounce without grief and regret, an alliance so illustrious, and with so perfect a lady, and one so ardently beloved by me, since by this frank resignation I can in some measure gratify your majesty. Yes, Sire, I desist for ever from my pursuit, and wish this new attachment may yield you as much joy as the loss of it would cause me sorrow if respect for your majesty did not prevent my feeling it." The king then embraced me, and wept, and assured me that he would make my fortune, that I was very dear to him, and he would remember my generosity and friendship. Upon the arrival of the princesses and lords, I arose, and as he had called me again and said to me that he wished to unite me to his cousin, Mademoiselle d'Aumale, I told him that he had the power to break my engagement, but not to marry me elsewhere, which he should never do; and with this our conversation ended." Bassompierre related this scene to the Duke d'Epemon; but being encouraged by him to think that the king's behaviour proceeded from a whim, which would soon pass away, he resolved to keep the affair secret. Indeed it appears, that notwithstanding the beauty, grace, and other perfections of his fair mistress, he did not at first feel her loss so deeply as he ought to have done.* Perhaps he was not immediately aware how much he loved her; but an accidental meeting with her aroused those feelings which had probably been paralyzed by surprize and disappointment. "As we played in the evening with the king," Bassompierre relates, "Madame d'Angouleme entered with her niece. He conversed with her for a considerable time, while I looked at the niece, who was ignorant of the circumstance that had occurred, which I could not persuade myself was destined to end so unfortunately. After having spoken to the aunt he had a long conversation with the niece, then having again engaged the aunt as Mademoiselle de Montmorency retired, and as I was gazing at her, she made a sign to me with a melancholy air,

* Perhaps it was not any real misfortune to Mademoiselle Montmorency, that she was prevented from being the wife of Bassompierre, for although his person and manners were agreeable and elegant, his genius seems to have been principally suited to the petty cabals of a court, and his morals were those of a good-natured libertine. These circumstances, however, do not excuse Henry.

to express, as I imagined, what the king had been saying to her. This simple action pierced my heart, and was so afflicting to me that not being able to continue the game, I feigned indisposition and retired. The attendants brought me my cloak and hat, the money I had left loose upon the table, and finding the carriage of the Duke d'Epemon in waiting, I got into it and told the coachman to drive me to my own home. I there found my valet de chambre, with whom I went to my own room, forbidding him to say to any one that I was there. I remained there two days, tormenting myself like a demoniac, without sleeping, drinking, or eating." The French blood, however, which flowed in the veins of the afflicted Bassompierre, seems to have prevailed over his grief; for when his valet, who feared he would lose his senses, mentioned his situation to the Marquis de Praslin, that nobleman saved him from utter despair by carrying him to court; where every one was surprised to see him in two days time grown so thin, so pale, and so much changed as to be hardly known. A few days after, when the Prince de Condé went to make proposals of marriage to Mademoiselle de Montmorency, he was so inconsiderate as to ask Bassompierre to go with him, which offer was respectfully declined; and subsequently, when he was betrothed to his mistress he again invited him to accompany him, and here the conduct of Henry appears totally unfeeling, I might almost say malignant. But I will give it in Bassompierre's own words.* "The king, who saw him speaking to me, asked me what he had said, "That, Sire," replied I, "which I shall never do."—"What is that?" said he, "That I should accompany him to his betrothing. Is he not old enough to go alone? I can assure you if he has no other companion than myself, he will be very badly attended." The king said he insisted upon my going. I most humbly besought him not to command me, for that I would not do it; that his majesty ought to content himself with my having yielded up my inclinations at the first hint of his desires and wishes, without seeking to force me to be led in triumph, after having torn from me my intended bride and all my happiness. The king, *who was the best of men*, said, "I see Bassompierre that you are angry;

* Here, as I have done in other places, I leave out many little circumstantial details which are very tiresome.

but I am assured you will not fail to go, when you have considered that it is my nephew, the first prince of the blood, who has himself requested it of you." Upon this he left me, and took Messrs. de Praslin and de Termes apart, and commanded them to dine with me and persuade me to go, since it was necessary for the fulfilment of my duty, and for the sake of propriety, to which, after many remonstrances I consented.—The betrothing took place in the gallery of the Louvre, and the king, mischievously leaning on me, held me opposite to the prince and Mademoiselle de Montmorency during the ceremony." Whether from the agitation of his mind, from mortified pride, or merely from natural causes, Bassompierre was seized, two days after receiving this cruel insult, with a tertian ague, and his disorder being increased by fighting a duel and attending an entertainment at court, when the state of his health did not permit such exertions, it was some time before he recovered. The nuptials subsequently took place at Chantilly. Every one at all conversant with French history knows the unfortunate consequences of this union. The Prince de Condé, alarmed by the attentions of the king to his bride, fled with her to Flanders to the Archduke Albert, who after some hesitation received them, and refused to deliver them up, when required by Henry. Father Daniel, in his History of France, has proved from letters in the library of the Abbé d'Etrées, that the infatuated monarch sent the Marquis de Cœuvres secretly to Brussels to bring back the princess, and that the design failed merely because Henry having discovered his intentions to the queen, she immediately dispatched a courier to the Marquis Spinola, by whom the princess was accommodated with apartments in the palace. Henry soon after decided upon hostilities with the House of Austria, and although the dispute respecting the succession to the Duchy of Clèves was the ostensible reason for war, and Sully in his Memoirs positively denies it was at all connected with any circumstance relative to the Princess de Condé, yet, in a note by the editor to one of the editions of that work is the following anecdote, quoted from "*Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire de France*," makes it probable love, as well as policy and ambition, might have had some share in the determination of the monarch. The nuncio being closely pressed by the king, who asked him what they thought at Rome and in Italy, of the war which he was going to undertake, replied that those best

informed upon the subject were of opinion that the principal cause of his military preparations was the Princess de Condé, whom he wished to recover, upon which the king, much agitated and enraged, said with a dreadful oath, "I will most assuredly recover her, I will have her. No one shall prevent me, not even God's lieutenant upon earth." And although the editor observes that these words should not prevent us from treating the report as a calumny, I think it is impossible for any unprejudiced reader to be entirely of his opinion; but whatever were Henry's real motives, it is certain he made great warlike preparations, and it was his intention in a few days to have raised the royal banner and have marched into Flanders, when the unhappy monarch fell a victim to the dagger of the infuriated Ravillac.

This little "romance of real life" will afford a useful lesson to those who suffer their passions to gain an ascendancy over the force of reason and the principles of morality and religion. Many who read this will expatiate upon the injustice of kings and the evils of an arbitrary government, and gratify their malignity against the great and powerful, under pretence of a love of justice and liberty. But in reality the moral applies to subjects as well as kings, to republicans as well as royalists. There is not any man so obscure, or so humble, who has not some being dependant upon him, may suffer by his cruelty or benefit by his kindness. Domestic tyranny, an evil which the legislature cannot reach, has extinguished the flame of many a generous spirit and broken many a feeling heart. The man who is a slave to his passions is incapable of real friendship, or steady attachment to his family and connexions, however amiable his natural disposition may be. How calamitous then will be the result when the love of pleasure and a bad disposition are united. It should be the endeavour of every one to obtain a command over himself without which it is impossible to persevere in the straight path of duty, or conduce to the happiness of others, or his own.

M.

A FRAGMENT.

THE sky was beauteous—and I sat and mused,
High on the pinnacle of a lofty rock,
Upon the world and my transgressions—
Full gloriously shone the setting sun,
Imparting its bright rays to all around,
And every cloud that floated near its orb
Was tinged with corresponding splendour—Quick
A small dark cloud shot upward from the horizon,
Spreading its baneful influence as it shaped
Its course amid the azure vault of heaven,
And chasing back the brightness of the eve.
And soon the sky, but late so radiant,
Was darkened o'er with black and lowering mists
That seemed surcharged with rain—I turned and fled—
For, to my guilty conscience, it appeared
As if the wrath of an offended God
Pursued and would o'erwhelm me!

Refuge I took—and was I thought secure—
But now the heavens no longer could contain
The unnatural weight with which they were oppressed,
And poured the expected rain in torrents down—
The forked lightning played along the sky,
And deep-mouthed thunder rolled incessant on—
Sudden, a crash—so loud, so terrible
That all the city felt the electric shock—
The lofty steeple tottering to its base,
Plunged itself headlong on the weakened roof,
Burying the chapel in one heap of ruin
Leaving me fearful, though unharmed, exposed
To all the fury of the elements.—
Full wretched now did I retrace my steps
From that same sacred pile, which, formerly,
I never entered save in mockery,

But now, when danger threatened, vilely I
Had sought in fear a refuge from the storm.

Not long could I expect to be secure
Uncovered 'mid conflicting elements,
And scarcely had I turned, when, suddenly
Another crash! the thunderbolt was there!
Mass followed mass in one chaotic din,
Hurling themselves in quick succession on
Till, bounding past the limits of the rest,
A ponderous fragment struck me to the earth.

* * * * *

Upon a downy couch reclined I lay,
And Morpheus, scared, prepared his wings for flight
As I awoke, refreshed by balmy sleep.
A smile (Oh! what a heavenly countenance
Was lighted by that smile—an angel light
Shed lustre on the dimple of a cheek
That crimsoned with the blush of modesty)
Played on the face of one who stood beside me,
(Of joy it seemed) at this returning sign
Of animation.—For it was to her
That I now owed my preservation,
And as she had been the guardian of my life,
So she became the mistress of my soul.

Who that has loved—that e'er has felt like me
The pleasurable pangs of that sweet passion—
Knowing himself an object of affection
To her whom he adored, would not confess
It was to him a bliss more excellent
Than to obtain possession of a world!
Oh! woman, lovely woman! but for thee
What were creation but a dreary blank!
What man, but savages! rude and uncouth
Their nature; fierce and pitiless in war;
Uncivilized and treacherous in peace.

But thou, creation's pride ! canst soften down
 The sternest heart and melt its obduracy.
 As the rough iron heated by the fire
 Is by the skill of the artificer
 Changed to the shape that most may pleasure him ;
 So does the gentle beam of woman's eye
 Soften the heart and mould it as it wills.

* * * *

DRACO.

IMITATION OF HORACE, B. II. ODE 14.

Eheu ! fugaces, &c.

LIFE ebbs so fast we scarcely glow
 With manly warmth ere forc'd to go,
 The weak and strong alike must yield,
 When death in person takes the field ;
 None can avoid the gen'ral doom,
 Nor Virtue's self prolong our bloom.
 Pluto, my friend, was never known
 To drop a tear, or heave a groan,
 Though round his seat the spirits sigh
 To bless with earth their glazed eye ;
 Declare the num'rous ties they have,
 A father—mother—mourn'd their grave :
 Parents with look and gesture wild,
 Plead for their starving, orphan child,
 For mercy ceaselessly implore,
 But, once within, they stir no more.
 In vain, when breathes the trump of war,
 Or roaring billows lash the shore,
 The coward wretch, afraid to roam,
 Sits by a cosy fire at home ;

In vain, if drizzling rain appears,
His great-coat's button'd to the ears.
When sounds the rattling in your throat,
Move to Cocytus, call a boat,
Then, if you pay the fellow well,
Be sure he'll row you safe—to hell.
Soon you shall leave your house, and land,
Your graceful wife, and high command,
And of the trees you lov'd to rear,
Cypress alone shall grace your bier.
New guests will fill the silent court,
Tap the brown ale, and crusted port,
Thy heir will give his pleasures scope,
And vie in splendour with the pope.

T. E.

MISERIES OF A TEMPLAR.

“Quantum mutatus.”

“Oh! woe is me—Ichabod, Ichabod, glory is departed from thy house.”

HAVING, after vast research found a fine Latin motto, and a free translation of it, the said motto being by Job, or some other eminent divine, I shall proceed without delay to give the reader some little information of and concerning myself. I am then, in the first place, one of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple—a sounding title truly—but one, as will hereafter appear, that confers little honour on those who belong to it. Malgrè my own inclinations I am become one of this society aforesaid—not by any will, pleasure, or desire of my own, but by the sole authority of a crabbed and avaricious old man, yclept “*Papa*.” As to myself, I have at all times manifested an utter contempt of all learning and industry, and

a genius suited to the most polite education, and accomplishments; but now, horrid to relate, I am suffering both in figure and reputation in the world, insomuch that, notwithstanding, I have for the space of the last three years, with the utmost caution, avoided the least application to appearance of business, and studied all the modes and gallantries of the fashionable world, to my very great and extraordinary expence in hair-dressing, kid-gloves, cards, coaches, operas, and masquerades, and all manner of extravagancies—not to mention physic, servants' fees, &c.—yet I find to my inexpressible mortification and sorrow of heart, that it is impossible for me to get over the imputation and prejudice of a profession, and that I must always continue to be treated as a “*lawyer*” upon all occasions and in all places, except in the courts of justice, and the Temple aforesaid. Now, that the weight of this grievance may appear in its true light, I will here lay before my readers a few of the inconveniences arising from the same.

The first is, that, after I have, by the manners aforesaid, purchased and acquired a very large acquaintance, yet cannot I continue the same without submitting to the vilest indignities, and allowing the greatest disparities between myself and the before-mentioned acquaintance; insomuch that Sir William —— will never admit of my having the least taste in dress, although I have for many months past used his tailor, and the most I can ever get from him in praise of my coat is, “that it will do very well for me.” Moreover, I am supposed, on account of my profession, to be altogether out of the reach of sentiment, and therefore no better than a Goth or Hottentot. It was but a few days ago, when I was visiting in the house of a gentleman who is blessed with a daughter, with her head “chuck full” of sentiment and blue stockingism, that I executed the following brilliant manœuvre, which, nevertheless, did not *take*.

A few days after my arrival, it came to my ears from some “d—d good-natured friend” or other, that Miss — had written a letter to one of her female correspondents, declaring what a dungeon her home was become, and that there was no society or conversation, nothing but a *bore* of an attorney from some outlandish place in London. This reflection put me on the “*qui vive*,” and I determined to make a digression in the lady’s favour, which I executed

in the following manner. I rose the next morning before breakfast and *peacocked* it up and down the garden in front of her window. Somehow or other she did not look out, so I retreated to the breakfast parlour, rummaged the book-case and took out the Sorrows of Werter, opened it, and began reading something about pistols and a pint of port. When she came into the room, I welcomed her with so ruefully long a face, and the book still open, that she thought I was ill; asked, if I had taken any thing that disagreed with me, should they send for the doctor, &c. &c. When I told them the real facts of the case, how much I was affected by the book in my hand, they both burst into a laugh, and I, very much disconcerted, wished them in the course of the morning, "Good bye," and returned to the Temple.

In addition to the inconveniencies already mentioned, I durst not speak of any amour, intrigue, or so much as the dress of any person of quality, though very well versed in all those things, in the presence of Augustus Dashwood, although I am heir to a considerable estate, and [he is but the second son of a gentleman about court. And, although Augus. *Dash.* with many of my fashionable friends, is in the habit of coming frequently to my chambers, and being there entertained with claret and burgundy, yet none of them will ever use any kinder term than that they are come to "*soak*" with me about the Temple for variety; and whenever I walk with them *westward* they will have the "*lawyer*" in the middle lest he should lose himself.

Secondly, although I have, ever since my abode in the Temple, been very careful to avoid the use of the word "chambers," "*laundress*," &c. which might smell of the society, yet when I bought a variety of things, for which I had no occasion, of a pretty milliner in Pall Mall, and desired her to bring them herself to my rooms in the Temple, she very pertly replied that what I had purchased should be delivered to the Porter at the Lodge.

But thirdly, and finally, I am totally undone and ruined in being utterly excluded from the least hope of favour from the ladies of better figure, merely from my unfortunate situation. In proof of this, I am ready to make oath that within these last three years, above two thousand women, maids, widows, and wives have received

favourable impressions of my shape, dress, manners, and figure, and looked a full approbation of the same, until all my hopes were successively blasted, and all their kindness converted into disgust, by the mere sound of the word lawyer, which word, I verily do believe to be of the cabalistical sort, and to have an effect the very reverse of those of old, so famous for creating love and esteem.

It boots not that I have read Tremaine and Granby, and the whole of Scott, that I play concertos on the flute and violin, that I have seen Weber, and know Hook, Bishop, and all the nobles of the day, and that I have got all the Irish melodies by heart, and sing them *indifferently well*—still that word, that damning word “lawyer” destroys all my charms, and I become but a groveling worm on the earth. One night when I was singing—when I was singing for the amusement of the company—that melody of Moore’s beginning somewhat thus,

I’d weep the friends that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too,

a lady sitting near me, and who knew me of old, asked, loud enough for every body to hear, “what I was about,” and being answered, that I was singing an Irish melody, she immediately said, “La! I thought, from the young man’s voice and gestures, it had been a Newgate pastoral.” An ill suppressed titter ran through the room at her malicious remark, and I fain got through it as quietly as I could. I have now, after following fashionables for three years, determined to reform, or *rather* alter my course of life; and, I intend, in my next lucubrations, if the present be approved, to open to my readers the histories and recollections associated with some of the taverns and spots about town.*

* P*.

* A particular friend of ours, a “sucking barrister,” enthusiastically fond of his profession, and indignant at the slightest attack upon it, threatens, in our next number, to write a severe philippic against * P*, and pledges himself to prove that the Templars are invariably and universally favourites of the fair sex.—I. P. P. C.

THE LAWYER AND THE STRANGER

I LATELY sang the Pope and Paradise,
 But now the subject of my verse I change,
 Loving at times to fall, at times to rise,
 And o'er all subjects uncontroul'd to range;
 Smiling at all as do the truly wise,
 Who reconcile themselves to what seems strange.
 To laughter-loving sages I am partial,
 Whose practice is commended too by Martial;

Ride si sapis! if you're wise, let laughter
 Be life's concomitant, and you'll enjoy it;
 Though sadness and repentance should come after
 Your heartfelt mirth, attempting to destroy it;
 Let Fortune aim at you her deadly shaft, her
 Shaft never shall disturb your bosom's quiet
 Composure—Horace's words, if you're wise, you
 Will follow: *temperans amara risu.*

My subject this day moves in humbler sphere;
 For themes of panegyric often vary:
 (As weather-cocks in gales autumnal veer),
 He was not prelate, pope, or secretary,
 Nor saint, which I may haply make appear,
 Nor could he boast to be the Virgin Mary:
 What was he? tell us quickly, sir, and burn ye,*
 He was (Lord help us) he was an attorney.†

Passing one day before a barber's shop,
 (The name was on the door, 'twas Arthur Reece,)

* Nor could he boast to be, &c.

Εὐχεται εἶναι for *ἐστὶ*, *Hom. II. E.*

† Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn ye—
 He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Goldsmith's Retaliation.

He wistfully was longing for a drop
 Of soft Macassar oil, or Polar grease;
 When suddenly the barber bade him stop,
 And showing him a seven-shilling piece,
 Asked, "Is it good?" He answer'd, "Certainly;"
 And, handing four pence, pocketed the fee.

He only wanted the *mens conscia recti*,
 The upright peace of mind, that laughs our frail
 Humanity to scorn, on whose effect I
 Above descanted, never known to fail;
 For he an honest man would by the neck tie
 Whene'er he could—he had some butts of ale,
 Of foreign wines too he had sev'ral puncheons,
 And wanted nothing but a clearer conscience.

An utter stranger was he eke to mercy,
 Relinquishing the most divinest * pleasure,
 Humanity may taste; nor could he e'er see
 To lawful prosecutions, † bound, or measure;
 And all his friends too, at the least reverse, he
 Deprived of hope, the suff'ers only treasure.
 No word of truth his tongue could ever utter,
 And mischief was his daily bread and butter.

When Innocence and Virtue were a prey
 To wily ruffians, he rejoiced his fill;
 As when a us'rer call'd on him one day;
 And said, "A fellow lives on Craven hill,
 "Whom I have trusted, but he cannot pay;
 "Here's his acceptance, look, the paltry bill
 "Has been returned, and his effects consist
 "But of his wife, his children, and his nest.

* The most divinest.

Maximè liberalissima. Cic. Epis. ad Att.

μᾶλλον ἀλγέλον, Eurip. Hipp.

Most highest.

† Persecution or prosecution? Printer's Devil's query.

"I needs must own, his breaking does not hap at all
"To injure me, for I've obtained already
"An interest of cent. per cent. o' th' capital,
"Which, actuated by unfounded dread, he
"Has paid, but I intend to have a rap at all
"Such beggars, who imagine that the ready
"Cash is not worth more than a legal interest—
"I beg you'll put in force—not merely *hint*—arrest.

"Of justice let the rascal stand in awe!"

Thus spoke the usurer, replete with guile,
To him, th' expounder of distorted law.

Then 'grinned *he* horrible a ghastly smile,
And sped these words from out his filthy jaw;

"From Tyburn turnpike 'tis, I think, a mile;
"This very night the money I'll for *you* get,
"And, if there's none, let him prepare for Newgate."

The day was far advanced, the hour was late;

On Holborn hill he took a cabriolet,
To drive him up as far as Tyburn gate.

And jogging, jolting, onward he would say:

"Don't, my good fellow, drive at such a rate;

"How cursed rough the stones are all the way!

"I only wish to God, the devil had 'em,

"Who won't adopt thy wise designs, McAdam!"

Having dismounted, 'twas not long before he

Met with a person, wrapt in cloak and cape,

Who gruffly asked him, "Why in such a hurry?"

Th' attorney answer'd, with a bow and scrape:

"Business obliges me to hasten, for I

"Am after game, that eas'ly may escape;"

Within himself he thought: "'Twill answer my end

"Tho' he be rude, if he becomes my client."

"Ah! then I guess your present occupation

"Is, as we call it, *cynegesianthropy*;

- " This, let me add, is no insinuation,
 " Or hint, that you're addicted to misanthropy,
 " For, I must own, *my* choicest recreation
 " Is, notwithstanding my supreme philanthropy,
 " To see a sever'd head, or loaded gallows,
 " Or any other murder custom hallows.

 " The silly public, like a gentle she-lamb,
 " Sits patiently, by lawyers to be sheared,
 " Who say: *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum!* *
 " Let what is right be done, and nought be feared.
 " If there be joys in justice, we shall feel 'em,
 " Who to her dictates firmly have adhered.
 " Doing what's just by law, why should we *reck* witty
 " Wags, who pretend that law h's to do with equity?"

Thus more against the just and justice rallied he
 Than would become my moral pen to trace;
 But on a sudden, stopping, sighed: " Ah! well-a-day!
 " I cannot walk at this tremendous pace."
 " What," asked the lawyer, "is the gout your malady?"
 " No!" answer'd he, and gloom o'erspread his face,
 " No! if you'll listen, I'll explain the reason,
 " Why walking is with me quite out of season.

" Though people used to talk of pain and torment
 " In hell, I can't believe their stupid *head* is 't all
 " Able to comprehend what they said or meant;—
 " And as I think not that *thou* darest all
 " The torments bigots say in hell lie dormant,
 " I'll show thee what's the matter with my pedestal."
 He folded back his cloak and stood confest,
 With cloven feet, the archfoc of the blest.

* On sait bien que le ciel ne tombe pas.

Voltaire's Notes on Le Cid.

Hor. Carm. 3. 3. 7.

Thus acted satan, briefly having spoken,
And smiled a smile * sardonic and satanical ;
The lawyer knew by this infernal token
His master, and within himself said ; “ *Can I call*
“ *On Him, whose statutes I so oft have broken ?*
“ *I am unworthy ! yet, on Him full many call,*
“ *Who have, I trow, no greater title God to see*
“ *Than any resurrection-scoffing Sadducee.*”

He muttered prayers of the Church of England,
After thus having communed with himself,
But satan pounced upon him in a twinkle, and
Showed *they* would not avail the silly elf :
He seized him by the collar, and with single hand,
Would have dismissed him to the realms of hell, ‘t
He had not thought it best as yet to spare him ;
So onward dragged him, chanting : “ *Miserarum !*”

But ‘midst his cries, he was considering,
How best he might escape the devil’s claws,
Which seemed, at first sight, not an easy thing,
Even to him acquainted with our laws,
Which oft in desp’rate cases succour bring ;
When for rejoicing he found ample cause ;
He saw a brutal carter beat his horse,
And ev’ry blow was followed by a curse.

“ The devil take thee for a lazy beggar !”
He cursed. Then, “ Go, receive the sacrifice,
“ That’s offer’d unto you !” exclaims with eager
Haste, our attorney, but the sprite replies :
“ No ! *I’ve* more mercy than my son, M’Gregor,
“ Who plays with mortals as a cat with mice :
“ To Poyais *he* entices with a vengeance
“ All, who desire to starve, or feed the Indians.

* And smiled a smile.
Service servitutum. Cic.

" I only take what's offer'd willingly,
 " And set up many signals which all *men* shun,
 " If they've but ears to hear, and eyes to see ;
 " And surely it was not that man's intention
 " To give his horse, his only horse, to me :
 " Besides, another reason I can mention
 " For my refusal : 'cause I love not coarse flesh,
 " Jockeys and Arabs only live on horse-flesh."

Then, thought the lawyer, looking on his own shins :
 " Am *I* the devil, or is *he* ? 'tis certain
 " He has, at least, what *may be called* a conscience,
 " Is he perhaps a second Galway Martin ?
 " Or else, not satisfied with bestial luncheons,
 " He seeks for dinner with a human heart in
 " Lacedæmonian soup, and roasted soles *
 " Caught with a bait, and then pulled o'er the coals."

Thus meditating they approached a nurse,
 Whose squalling babe had made her lose all patience,
 " Deuce take the child !" (for women never curse),
 She cried, when lo ! the deuce was near, by great chance.
 But if before he would not touch the horse,
 Much less he cared for female imprecations :
 " The child is not yet fit for such a place
 " As ours, besides, she means not what she says."

So spoke the worthy devil, and then passed her,
 But he had not proceeded many more
 Yards, when the lawyer said : " Here my good master,
 " Here is the game I told you of before !"
 So saying he moved on a little faster,
 And smote with thund'ring fist an humble door ;
 This op'd a man, with famine in his eyes,
 Whose gait was weakness, and whose language sighs.

* Roasted soles. Query, souls ?

O for the pencil of Hogarth, or Shakspeare's
Muse, to pourtray this wretched man's appearance !
O for the necromantic spell, that makes tears
Now shed, be recollected many a year hence !
And, O for all the magic pow'r that wakes fears,
And makes an unsubstantial shadow fear 'hance !
O ! had I these, and more than these, than all,
My means of drawing him were still too small.

Shirt he had none, his vest and coat were tattered,
And broken spirit lurked in ev'ry feature ;
His parched-up lips were such as never flattered
The wanton tyrant's momentary creature,
Altho' deceitful words no doubt he *had* heard.
His nature proud, no woe could ever teach her
Dissimulation, and his haggard visage,
Was more impaired by sorrow than by his age.

He bowed low, asking, " Gentlemen, your will ?"
The lawyer answered : " Pay the lawful debt
" You have incurred, dishonour not your bill !"
" God knows, alas ! I cannot pay you yet,"
Replied the wretch, " have mercy on me still,
" And in a week your claims shall all be met."
Then said the lawyer : " All these tricks are stale,
" You'll pay the money, or you'll go to jail."

Ere he had finished, lo ! the wife and children
Of him, whose fortune all the honest may shun,
Like hunted rabbits in an open field, ran
Around the two, with many a supplication,
And tears, and sobs, and shrieks, that might bewild'r an
Ear unaccustomed to such obsecration ;
But fiend and lawyer smiled at one another,
To see the poor things kick up such a pother.

Then on the debtor's brow fix'd dark despair,
His straining eye-balls seemed to gasp for sight,

His lips for breath, his hands for pow'r to tear
 The veil, that cover'd him with gloomy night;
 But sudden recollecting *who*, and *when*, and *where*,
 He said, "The pow'r is yours, if not the right,
 "I'll follow you, sir, since you take such *great* pains,
 "To ruin the distress'd for six and eight-pence.

"You but rejoice when we have cause to grieve,
 "O may the devil pick your cursed bones!"
 Quoth satan to his agent: "No reprieve
 "Can *you* expect, who laugh when mis'ry groans,
 "This offering with pleasure I receive,
 "This offering for many a crime atones;
 "I hunger for a rogue, and this man *does* call
 "Me in good earnest, hating thee, old rascal!"

Within the lawyer's hair his claws he twined,
 And into atoms all his body blew:
 But with the blackened soul, swift as the wind,
 The fiend thro' the astounded chimney flew,
 Leaving the foul sulphureous stench behind,
 By which we erst the chief of darkness knew
 For ev'ry nostril, which inhaled that smell,
 Was fully satisfied it came from hell.*

CARLO.

THE SELECTION.

IN a certain vision I received a mirror from the hands of a dying sage, whose last moments chance, or rather my protecting genius, had enabled me to cheer, and who bequeathed me this gift as the most valuable testimony of his gratitude. "Take this," were his

* ὁθεῖον ὀσμῆς πνεῦμα, *Hipp. Eurip.*

— tenues successit in auras

Mansit odor: possis scire fuisse.

Dean. Ovid. Fasti.

words to me, "and when prejudice tempts you to trust to the first uncertain impression, when the gilding of art envelopes a base material, and causes by its glitter the rude workmanship to appear polished and perfected, fail not to cast your eyes upon this glass, which reflects the truth alone, divested of those colours with which deceit, pride, and the false reasoning of the world ever seek to gloss it over.—Above all," added he, "when the syren influence of female beauty, and female attractions, sow the seeds of *love* in your heart, before your senses are bewildered by external glitter, recollect that this will open to you the recesses of the soul of her you adore, and display the undisguised motives of her actions. Yet I must caution you against using it on every slight occasion, and inquiring too deeply into the causes which actuate mankind; this, alas! has driven me from society, and is the bane of many who have not the courage to leave it. By scrutinizing with too nice an eye, I discovered how few of our motives are devoid of selfishness, and how little the voice of friendship is attended to amid clashing interests and jarring sentiments. The destruction of my peace has been the price of my severity—be warned by my advice, and shun with equal caution each extreme." Having thus spoken, he expired, and a blaze of splendour encircled me, so intensely bright, that I was unable to distinguish any object around me that might inform me of my situation.

My eyes became at last accustomed to the dazzling light, and charmed with the prospect, I ascended a bank to gain a greater extent of view; I luxuriated in the pleasure it occasioned me, half unconscious that any thing could surpass it. Soon, however, the agitation I felt convinced me that my admiration was capable of rising to a much higher pitch, when a band of maidens, radiant as the Pleiades, advanced from a neighbouring valley, while the sun grew brighter in their smiles, and the flowers emitted a more exquisite odour. No one appeared fairer than her companion, they were all as sisters, but there was no eldest, no youngest. They differed alone in the dress which each had adopted as suitable to that life she most preferred, or in which she thought she appeared to the greatest advantage. It seemed my task to select from these—hard task indeed! where all seem equal, to select the best—and, but

for my friendly glass, chance would have decided, where reason and judgment should be the only guides.

While my eyes were yet rivetted on this blooming group, one of them separating a little from the rest, advanced towards me. Attired in the sylvan robe of a huntress, a dart held gracefully in her hand of ivory, she bounded with the light step of the gazelle before my enraptured eyes, the lustre of her complexion heightened by the chace in which she had just been successful. Wishing to appreciate still more justly the beauties I had discovered, I raised the Glass of Truth—the illusion vanished in a moment—in the folds of a light scarf which appeared carelessly thrown over her person, I perceived that art had not been spared, and that effect had been studied instead of the simple rules of nature. The javelin appeared to be that of Satire, for it was pointed by Wit and dipped in venom by Malice; while neither the broken-hearted nor the friendless were exempt from its deadly influence.

Displeased at the reflection of having been the dupe of appearances, I turned from her, and no longer beheld the light and aerial votaress of Diana, but a tall and finely proportioned figure, the image of Grecian majesty softened by the graces of the Persian: I gazed on her with astonishment, and her large dark eye grew brighter as she perceived my admiration. In the fullest expectation of finding her as replete with the graces of the mind as of the person, I turned my eye towards my mirror—to learn again how widely we may err from the mark in judging from appearances. Pride was now seen supporting her steps, and adding an insulting air of superiority to her demeanour, while love of flattery gleamed in her eyes and animated her glances, and cold inconstancy sat upon her lips of crimson, surrounded by haughty smiles, the offspring of adulation. Unable longer to contain myself, I turned on her a look of contempt—she shrank from my gaze, and vanished into air.

The soft cœrulean eyes of her successor now claimed my attention; her figure was small and feminine, her flaxen hair falling in neglected ringlets over her rosy neck and polished shoulders. I cast an unwilling eye upon my monitor, fearful of discovering this lovely vision imperfect as the others—nor was I mistaken. Folly held her court beneath the canopy of her silken eye-lashes, ignorance directed

her words, and caprice inspired her devious footsteps—perceiving that I no longer noticed her charms, she passed on with a look of surprise blended with unmeaning indifference. The next maiden slowly advanced with caution and distrust in her manner—her dull, dark hair was tied back with a sad-coloured fillet, betraying a forehead well-formed indeed, but prematurely wrinkled; her eyes wandered round in search of some object of contemplation, which alone imparted to them a momentary brightness. Her complexion had faded in consuming the “midnight oil,” and gloom had settled over her countenance, which the sombre blue of a mantle that enveloped her person contributed to heighten. My glass showed me the image of virtues which pedantry concealed, and which arrogance and pride were fast hastening entirely to eradicate; on me she cast a frozen glance, and, seeing me unmoved, slowly continued her solitary course.

Tired and disappointed, I now moved from the spot on which I had been standing, and walked slowly forward with my eyes bent upon the ground, determining never again to place myself in a situation where every thing appeared beautiful only to deceive. Curiosity however, before I had proceeded far, induced me to raise them, when I beheld near the path I was pursuing, an elegant maiden who delayed for a moment my intentions; she was of a graceful height and prepossessing figure; a smile of kindness was spread over her fascinating countenance; modesty restrained her feet, and conscious dignity preserved the equality of her steps over the roughness of her path. My mirror, which I now looked into with despondency, increased the number of her virtues without showing me a single fault; still distrust had obtained such influence over me, that I was about to proceed on my route when the closing words of the sage presented themselves to my recollection—I no longer hesitated, but flying to her side, presented her with a ring, the destined prize of her whom I judged to approach the nearest to perfection.

G.

February, 1826.

THE KNIGHT,

OR CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

ONE day as a knight return'd from a tilt,
 With his sabre so bright and its golden hilt,
 And his helm deck'd with feathers so gay;
 His valet he met at a sturdy pace,
 Who carelessly look'd in his master's face;
 And when he was question'd of whither he hied,
 With nod and a whistle he coolly replied,
 "To seek a new master I'm making my way."

The knight apprehensive and struck with surprise,
 With a twirl of his whisker impatiently cries,
 "Why seek a new master, I prithee man tell?"
 "Your little black dog," quoth the valet, "'s no more"—
 "How so," says the knight, for the thing vex'd him sore,
 "Why, in truth, Sir, your high mettled courser so fleet
 Being startled, first trod him flat under his feet,
 And then plumped souse into a well."

Now wrath was the knight for his dog and his horse,
 And he swore he would thresh without any remorse
 The man that had startled his courser so fair.
 "O cease," quoth the valet, "your menacing airs;
 'Twas your son that fell out of the two pair of stairs!
 And madam, your lady, at sight of his death
 Fell back in her chair and resigned her sweet breath
 With a very profound and becoming despair."

"O villain!" exclaim'd the disconsolate knight,
 "Wou'dst leave my affairs in this terrible plight,
 And to seek a new master be hasting away?"
 "Lord, Sir," quoth the valet, "the maid with a light
 Fell asleep as she watch'd by the corpses at night,
 So the castle so charming and ev'ry thing round
 Being burnt with the furniture flat to the ground—

There was no more occasion you see, for my stay."

F. W. C.

SKETCHES.

THE MANIAC.

MARK his eye, wildly gazing, his care-stricken form
As summer's bright flower borne down by the storm,
List his soul-piercing cry, watch the motionless fear,
As standing all sadly o'er Evelyn's bier,

He pours forth his sorrows alone.

In stillness he leans o'er the brink of her tomb,
When he knows his lost fair one now seeks her last home,
Yet no halcyon silence is his, but a drear,
A cold, heavy darkness, not yielding a tear—

But bursting the soul with despair.

The sad office perform'd, amid winter's chill snow,
All wildly he hastes to the mountain's stern brow,
In anguish he sinks on its cold rugged steep,
And in death's sainted calmness his fell sorrow sleeps
While his soul joins his Evelyn's above.

H. W. A.

THE FAREWELL.

ADIEU to the scenes where in childhood I sported,
Adieu—to the calm stilly grove;
Adieu—to the joys I in infancy courted,
Adieu—to the village I love.

Farewell to the smiles, which in tenderness greeting,
Bless'd the moments which sweetly roll'd on,—
Farewell—to the hours which in gaiety fleeting
Brought joys which are vanish'd and gone.

Once more I look back with anxiety, weeping,
And dread thee, thou sad parting day,
But I will not, although 'mid the wild waters sleeping.
Forget my lov'd friends far away.

'Mid the tumults of war, 'mid the fell storms of ocean
 I'll remember my dear native isle,
 And mem'ry will draw, 'mid my breast's wild commotion,
 When I think of my parents—a smile.

And still as the stars in their courses revolving,
 All brightly in time will return.
 Thus I by hope's balm ev'ry sorrow absolving,
 Again to my village shall turn.

And tho' this be denied, when I see the sun shining
 Which sheds the same beams o'er my home—
 I will think upon this without grief or repining,
 Bless my village, and sink to my tomb.

EXILIS.

LINES ON EVENING.

I LOVE to stroll the woodland slopes along,
 At eve's still hour to list the shepherd's song,
 To hear the babbling rill o'er pebbly bed
 Its murmurs mild o'er nature's stillness shed,
 As flows its crystal stream, and rippling near,
 Fann'd by soft gales it falls upon the ear—
 I love to listen to the rustic peal
 Of village bells, as on they gently steal,
 While now upon the floating breeze they swell,
 Now sink, now rise, and tales of gladness tell.
 Perhaps this day some blushing bride was given
 To love's fond arms, the choicest boon of heav'n ;
 Or some lov'd exile, in his native clime
 Now joys to hear the merry village chime.
 I love to watch the glow-worm's mystic light
 Move slowly onwards 'mid the shades of night ;
 The rustic's lowly hut has charms for me,
 Where dwells Content in sweet simplicity ;
 There by the pale moon's transitory ray
 The woodman, wearied with the lengthened day,

Now takes his frugal meal, while o'er his knee
Climbs the sweet pledge of love and constancy.
While glitt'ring in the half-illumin'd west,
Eve's beauteous star marks well the hour of rest,
As down the vale it throws its gentle beam
Sparkling amid the murky twilight gleam.
I love to watch the pale moon's tow'ring pride,
Rising above yon darksome mountain side,
While passing clouds her silvery orb enshroud,
Lost in the embraces of the wandering cloud,
To see her now her wonted form resume,
Like virtue bursting from misfortune's gloom.

Now evening's softness yields to slumbering night,
While 'mid the heav'n's in nature's grandeur bright,
The twinkling stars invite the ravish'd eye,
To mark the mighty wonders of the sky;
Hush'd is the voice of revelry and mirth,
As sinks the light of day from all the earth,
Not e'en the murmuring bell in moss-grown tow'r
Disturbs the silent solitary hour,
Nature herself seems hush'd in sleep's sweet balm,
And not one sound is heard to break the midnight calm.

RUSTICUS.

Oxford, February, 1826.

MEDITATIONS AT EVENING.

"Like Isaac, with mind applied
To serious thought, at eventide."

COWPER.

How genius is scorned and how virtue is spurned,
(Thought I, as I wandered in serious mood)
By murder and rapine, while laurels are earned,
The wise are neglected the virtuous withstood.

Oh pity, that wisdom should ever have flown
 To regions, where mortals so turbulent are !
 But as I could not mend them, I left them alone
 To finish that night my half wasted cigar !
 And oft as I did so, the bitter tear broke,
 To think such reflections should " all end in *smoke*."

H. N.

BILLINGSGATE MELODIES.

" If travellers in this our age were as wary of their conditions, as they be sometimes of their bodies, or as willing to reap profit by their paines, as they are able to endure peril for their pleasure, they would prefer their owne soile before a strange land, for there is more gleaning than they know of." —*Euphanes, or the Anatomie of Wit.*

O WHAT an age of harmony is this! *Moorish* songs, and country dances by a *Bishop*. Melographicons, harmonicons, street organs, sostenentes, *Bayley* songs—putting one in mind of fetter-dances, and the dying tones produced by Jack Ketch—violin Morri, horn Puzzi, a boxer (Bochsa) harping, strike up nosey, cat-gut scrapers, violin and fiddle de dec. Singularly strange—is it not? But, who cares? every one to be *ton-ish* must be musical, and he has not music in his soul—why has it not?—which is plain enough to a goose or any other thinking animal. Yet music is a delightful study, and we are all more or less obedient to it. I know a gentleman farmer who found harmony in the squeaking of his pigs, and a carman once told me he knew of no sound equal to the cracking of his whip, or the creaking of his heavy loaded cart, while a glutton of the name of Pope, excited by hunger, swore no music likened the rattling of knives and forks. One of the lancers was ever talking of the harmony of the *spears* in a very *pointed* manner, and a *bon vivant* of the first order, told me he could never reach *mellow D*, (melody), but I knew he lied—under a mistake, of course. Look at home, my masters, are not thy sisters—if thou hast any—worrying the piano with attempts at bravuras—coming Catalani, or, as thou

thinkest, perhaps, caterwauling. Little misses at school sighing out "Home, sweet *Home*," because he wrote a rugged versed tragedy called Douglas—pshaw! why is he to be called sweet more than a grocer, a pet-bird, or the shop of Birch the pastry cook.

Squalling is the go, as the sailor said in a storm. Notice the beadle, he is ringing the bell—go to your publican, he, too, can ring the changes—talk of your rich uncle, his fortune goes to the tune of a plumb and a half—music, you see, is connected with all things. The butcher's daughters no longer relish the marrow bones and cleavers, and, instead of being behind the counter in *Butcher's Row*, are stuck before the piano, straining out, "I'll *steak* my heart." "Pretty dears, is your beef good to-day?"—"O yes, Sir, the fat quite *sound*," is your answer. Each one lays claim to a pipe, though no pretensions to a smoker, while the *bleacher's* daughters warble like *dye-ing* swans. But, reader, I dare say you are a singer, and so am I—one of those who sings out before he is hurt—and I shall therefore be particular not to offend thee. Do not feel irate, worthy Sir; pipe away like a bulfinch, if you please—sing like a nightingale "hout juggity jug," twitter like a linnet, laugh like a hyæna, roar like a lion, or bellow like a bull, you will doubtless find harmony in your own voice, and I promise to close mine ears and notice thee not; for, so that thou art pleased, and I am aware that thou likest to hear no one's voice but thine own, I am satisfied.

Since, then, we are all striving to be people of *note*, I shall put in my claim among the rest—not as an extraordinary instance of precarious talent, nor as Infant Lyra, not as composer or *setter*—for I would not liken myself to a dog—but as editor, selector, and arranger of the Billingsgate Melodies.

In a musical age like the present, when *scrapers* are worth a good round sum, that formerly were enriched with nought save the mud from thy shoes, things that have any pretensions to novelty are eagerly bought up, and, having been well thrummed by each miss, and smattered by street musicians, are consigned to a dusty shelf, to make room for a more modern favourite, while our old friends, *Bonny Nancy Dawson*, *Black Joke*, and *Go to the devil and shake yourself*, however much they may be used in private, are seldom more frequently tolerated in public than in a Christmas pantomime. But I have mentioned these tunes as a warning to the

reader of what he is to expect, viz. that many of the melodies will of necessity go to these sprightly airs, unless he would have me put them out of tune, and, if he is disgusted with any thing of his own, let him throw down the number whenever I do not write *foreign* to my songs. But, thus it is, Sir Roger de Coverly is no longer a country dance, and part of our Malbrook is cribbed into the Huntsman's Chorus of Weber, so that while the rascals cry down our favourites, we trace our old friends with new faces in their *original* compositions, but so woefully clad, that although we may trace the garments, we can scarce swear to the features. We neglect our own composers for those of another nation, but it is a fashionable vice, and people will not care what I say, since "fashion in every thing bears sovereign sway."

However, though the higher classes may endeavour to keep all the pretty tunes to themselves, they are sadly out in their reckoning; because, if the quarto-sized melodies of various nations, whether Sicilian, Scottish, or Irish, are not to be purchased by the nobs, yet they obtain the best tunes at the small expense of half-price to the one shilling gallery, and are thus enabled to troll the air of a German composer while sawing a piece of deal in their workshops; so that the reader must not be surprised if he finds a fish-fag chaunting a stave in any of the ensuing melodies, to a high German, or double Dutch tune; for, if the nobs would keep all the choice airs to themselves, they must either bully Miss Paton and the others into singing no more, or get the managers to close our theatres; but while the latter give *gold* to the former in exchange for her *notes*, this alteration, this monopoly of tunes cannot take place, and music of all nations will be as common to the fish-fag as the lady of character. Mentioning a fish-fag reminds me of my subject, which I will about without delaying more than I can help, for I am a sad prosing, digressive fellow, and am paid by the sheet, which somewhat accounts for it.

The Scotch have lately taken it into their heads to claim every thing, because they sport the best magazine—part of which used to be furnished with articles by a Londoner—and owing to the rise of the Great Unknown, all nations under the sun must bow to their supremacy. The sawnies are coming it queerly. Auld Robin Gray was not written by an Englishman, because some one re-

membered hearing it sung in the Highlands; and Marriage was one of the best modern novels, because puffed by Sir Walter—Truly they are indebted to that man, for who would have lost himself in a mist, or have gone out of his road to witness the scarcity of a fine row of trees, had he not mentioned such things in one of his novels. *Hogg*, whom we believe to be a *swine* herd, will doubtless fancy himself the first poet of the day since the death of Lord Byron, who, they also made out, was half a Scotchman; and Wordsworth, who endeavoured to instruct us how beautiful a thing a lake was, got his ears clipped by Blackwood, because he imagined, as we suppose, he was attempting to tread in their champion's old shoes, which the latter did not think sufficiently worn to be thrown to the dogs. The truth is, that but for Sir Walter, they had remained a *land of cakes* to this day. However, we shall show that if they have Highlands, we have low lands—if they have songs, we have melodies—if they have bag-pipes, we have *mouth-organs*—and, as their songs are, for the most part, collected from the peasantry and Highlanders by Ritson and others, so, in like manner, are ours from the fish-fags and lowlanders by Seven Dial Pitts and the humble individual who is prefacing thus much.

Edinburgh is the first city of Scotland, and London of England; and, though there are several others of considerable dimensions and good condition, they are held in a secondary consideration: inso-much that these two Babels take upon themselves to furnish fashions and set the taste of the day, and not living in them is being considered out of town. Now, these two rivals have suburbs; where, in the former, because the people speak an unintelligible language, possess high skinny cheek bones, blaw faces, and sing through the nose, they are called Highlanders; and, in the latter, lowlanders, of whom, leaving the wandering bag-pipers, we have particularly to speak, for, as the old proverb observes, “let him, that speaks of others, look at home first.”

I dare say, while thou art inviting gentle sleep, who chooses not as speedily as usual to rest her on thine eye-lids, thou dost sometimes bestow a thought on those, who are plodding along in order to obtain food for thy fishmonger to pamper thee with, and, doubtless, closing thine eyes, thou dost say, “Ah! poor devils, I pity ye,” and then yield you to the arms of Morpheus. But, let me tell you, they are not so pitiable a people, and are happy in themselves,

as I, who have witnessed much of their manner of living, can testify. Well, then, forth from their domicile—certain cellars in the Holyland—early in the morning, goeth this motley group on their money-getting errand of purchasing fish—odd and loose fish, truly they are—and yet they are happy. The first visit is to the whisky shop, where they take their morning glass, and wend them on their way. I shall not describe either the people or their dress for two reasons; first, because I shall have occasion to notice them in the notes to my melodies, and secondly, because any one, who has not seen the lowlanders of this country, may do so by promenading, on any market morning, from his own domicile to Billingsgate. They are a good-hearted, gin-loving, cooing race, which I wonder not at, considering their peregrinations stop at *Billingsgate*. On the road they indulge themselves with frequent glasses, and it has been observed, that, some of them are known to have more *gills* on their journey home than the fish in their baskets. But this I have nothing to do with, I have no more to tell you, than that they indulge in songs which I am about to publish for your amusement, with notes explanatory and useful, wherever they may be deemed necessary; all of which I might have told you, without this preamble, but somehow or other a subject is so slippery a thing that it takes a long time ere we can get to the proper vein upon which to bleed the beast; besides Byron himself allows that, “nothing is so difficult as a beginning,” in which I perfectly concur, but here goes notwithstanding.

BILLINGSGATE MELODIES, No. I.

SONG TO THE WATCHMAN.

Tune—“Dearest love.”—From *Freischütz*.

* Charles, good morn, Charles, good morn,
 I'm going to Billingsgate,
 While bon vivant's jolly noses
 Snore away, as red as roses,

* Kate, the singer of this melody, is an instance of the benefit arising from education and the national schools, for having been taught enough to know her right hand from her left, she despises the vulgar epithet of Charley as applied to watchmen, and designates him by his proper cognomen Charles.

Fish the morning brings to Kate,
Fish the morning brings to Kate,
Charles, good morn !

Wait awhile, wait awhile,
To this shop I would me stray,
Where a down one's throat a* going
Gin and bitters nicely flowing,
Drink with me, Charles, for I'll pay,
Drink with me, Charles, for I'll pay.
Drink with me.

Dearest Charles, Dearest Charles,
See the gin and bitters, pray !
Do not send thee off to slumber
When thou shouldest the hours number,
Have a care, or p'raps it may,
Have a care, or p'raps it may.
Now, good bye.

THE SONG OF A WATCHMAN.

Tune—" See the rosy morn appearing."—Rosina.

HEAR you not my child is crying ? †
I to nurse him must away, ‡
While the fags to market hieing,
Fast proclaim the opening day.

When my child once more is sleeping, §
I may also take a nap,

* The placing the article before the participle is common with fish-women, I know not upon what authority, unless because we call it a participle.

† The reader would little suppose that, " by the crying of his child," our watchman meant to say the clock was striking.

‡ " Nursing a child" with a watchman is only crying the hour, in short, doing his duty in going his rounds.

§ That is, when the clock has stricken the hour and all is once more quiet.

To the watchbox softly creeping,
My * inside place lined with strap.

If we all have brats, then must some
Quieter than others be;
My child brings to me such custom, †
I can't sleep although sleepy.

THE TURN UP.

Tune—"It was Dunois the young and brave."—*Scott*.

It was young Sall, the † black-eyed maid a going to mar-kèt,
But first within the § lion's jaws she stopped to have a wet,
"And hear me, all ye fish-women, upon this glass I swear,
"If I catch Moll with my flash-man, I'll crack her crockery ware."||

And that the oath might sacred be, she finished off the glass,
While fish-fags from the Holyland, admired the black-eyed lass,
And, as the gin put spirit in her shouts, which rent the air,
She cried, "Depend upon't, Moll Cods, ¶ I'll crack your crockery
ware."

As Moll was conquered by her arm, Sall's flash-man nobly said,
"These arms that have my Molly milled, (for valour shall be paid,)
"Shall henceforth me embrace, and I before you all declare,
"To love the molli-fied black Sall as cracked the crockery ware."

* Is not the watchbox, but the man's own internal.

† I grieve to accuse the Charley of punning, but as the custom-house clock strikes the quarters, it certainly does not permit a long dose.

‡ Black eyes are common among the Billingsgaters, and serves as symptoms of their knowledge in the art pugilistic, or as honourable badges of distinction from their more peaceable companions.

§ The lion's jaws denotes the tap-room of the Blue Lion; of which more honourable mention next month.

|| Moll was not a hawker of delf ware, as one would suppose; but cracking crockery ware is hitting her in the mug, or mouth; vide P. Egan.

¶ The reader must not imagine Moll Cods, the name of a woman, but short for *molly coddle*, a term of reproach.

Then hastened all most blithe of heart to Mr. Deady's shrine,
And tippled gin and bitters sweet, as sweet as spice and wine, *
When porters, boat-boys, fish-women, and every body there
Drank, long life to the black-eyed Sall, as cracked the crockery
ware.

B. A. D.

ALICE CUNNINGHAM, †

A FUGITIVE PIECE.

WILD are the flowers that scent Platella's vale,
All nature's gift, where sweet the nightingale
Echoes around, the wilderness to cheer—
For feathered choristers alone are here.
Yet once there was a cabin in the vale—
'Tis now no more—each valley has its tale.
Where stand yon ruins; see, they are but small,
For low were they that tenanted the hall—
Rose a neat cottage—it was fair to view,
All nature's darlings to adorn it grew,
The lily, jasmine, and the damask rose,
Bloomed in their turn, each plant the valley knows.
And herds that fed the parson's land upon,
With distant lows so happy rambled on;
While round the cot, content unknown to sin,
Beamed on the peaceful lowlanders within.
Ah! joy was theirs—the mirth that's gained from peace,
Seemed with the lengthened daylight to increase,
While high above the far-expanding sky,
Tinged with the blue that lights up woman's eye,
Was seen reflected, and again to glow
More beautiful within the lake below.
But to my tale.—Upon yon ruined spot
Stood the old widow Cunningham's lone cot.

* It is agreed, that nothing in the melodies of Moore equals the sublimity of the above line.

† This poem, of which we give a portion, is the work of a very youthful genius, who, if he improves with his years, will one day doubtless be better known. We hope our readers will make all allowances. ED.

She lived retired, and her wants were small,
Her daughter Alice was her hope, her all—
She too was happy, as was fair the maid,
A thousand cupids in her blue eye played,
Those light blue eyes, the firmament of love,
When they should chance upon the widow move,
Pleased the old dame, as in her child was seen
What she once was—what she herself had been.
Small was her income, for of lowly kind
They had that comfort, others wish to find,
Content, the fairest of God's daughters, few
Discover, many seek her, for the clue
Is not through gilded palaces or church
But man's own heart—and that few dare to search.
But pause,—their happiness had lasted long,
Nor oft does this on human kindred throng.

'Twas in that month when keener grows the wind,
And few the flowers summer leaves behind,
Young Harry Duncan coursing with his hound
From thunderstorm a ready shelter found
Within the cottage—he was none of those
Whose minds are far less splendid than their clothes,
No, he could feel—at virtue's fall would sigh
And prove he felt with language of the eye.
Then could he help but view the happy pair
With other looks than pleasure's—while the fair,
The gentle Alice did her best to please,
And set the squire's nephew at his ease.
Such ease as her poor cottage could afford,
The best arm chair—the best mead on the board.

No more the thunder rolls along the sky,
Chasing the flash in splendid majesty.
And all again is calm—the torrent's flood
Has disappeared—and now the blue-bell's bud
No longer droops—the conscious danger o'er,
But blooms as lovely as it did before.

And Harry Duncan now remounts his steed,
 Thanking the widow—loathing to proceed,
 For why, the gentle Alice had obtained
 That, which much prouder damsels would have gained,
 His heart's best wishes—and how slow, we find,
 Are those to go, who leave their hearts behind.
 But now he shakes the aged widow's hands,
 While blue eyed Alice at the lattice stands,
 Proud that her mother, her sole hope and care,
 Receives such honour from the squire's heir.
 And when to her his handsome head he bowed,
 Say, what sensations in her bosom glowed.
 And when he vowed to call again, the blush
 Of joy was seen upon her cheek to rush.
 And when he rode away—to her the storm
 And Harry Duncan seemed a sort of charm.
 For why, she feared she loved, and feared—for she
 Knew he was far above her own degree,
 And to imagine that a lowland swain
 Could win the heart superiors had not ta'en,
 What then, she hoped—and lover's hopes are vain. }
 But she *did* love—alas! it was no crime—
 Conscious she lov'd—the rest was left to time.

Y.

(To be continued in our next.)

SELF LOVE,

“Egomet sum proximus mihi.”—TER.

WERE I inclined to follow the beaten track pursued by most essayists, who seem to delight in prefatory remarks, I might commence by saying how difficult it is to handle the subject I have undertaken to discuss, on account of the general prejudices of mankind. I might then proceed to state, that, nevertheless, those who will with philosophic eye scrutinize my mode of reasoning, follow my arguments, and remain unbiassed by all former prepossessions, may in a moment perceive how ridiculous it is to “follow the jingling

of their leaders' bells," and for want of precedent, to discard such rules and motives as have every thing in their favour, except the not having been discovered or noticed before. But as I never read prefaces, and yet wish that all I write may be perused, let us hasten at once, accordingly, to Horace's precept in "*medias res*." My purpose, then, is to show how *selfishness* is the mainspring of all our actions; for by all I have read, heard, and seen of mankind, I am convinced, that every deed which is recorded, and every deed which is buried in oblivion, proceeds, and has proceeded, from the source I mentioned:

"Hoc fonte derivata clades
In populum, patriamque fluxit."

I will not fatigue the reader's patience, by explaining how ingratitude, irreligion, treachery, deceit, and baseness, are the offspring of self-love; but I shall declare and maintain, until convinced to the contrary, that industry, matrimony, religion, and gratitude proceed from the same cause. The lover, the hero, the writer, the statesman, follow the same impulse as the voluptuary, the assassin, the hireling, the hypocrite. Let us begin with the first era in man's life, I mean his going to school. Is it not perpetually dinned in his ears by parents and teachers, that they do not send him to school, and that they do not instruct him for their sake but for *his own*, and this they consider as a conclusive argument to make the child acquiesce in an irksome measure, because it tends to *his own* good. Thus are his first ideas blended with a love of *self*, which every subsequent event conspires to increase, while no possible occurrence can eradicate from the mind this first indelible impression. And how can it be otherwise? When his powers of perception increase, and his eyes are opened to the real state of circumstances, will he not perceive that the first appeal made to his judgment was deceitful? For why does the preceptor instruct his pupil? Is it not because he is paid for his trouble, and is it not, further, that he may obtain credit for his exertions, and see his emoluments augment? And does not a father look forward to the moment when on the couch of death he may look around him and say, *I can die in peace, I have given my children the best education that lay in my power.* Thus are the father and instructor actuated by the very motive which they seek covertly to introduce into the boy's mind. As the

faculties expand his self-love keeps pace with them, until we arrive at the period where he seems for a moment to divest himself of all anterior impressions while he yields to the sway of love alone. What will the lover not do to gain his end? He resigns his inclinations and understanding to the humour and opinion of his mistress. He neither loves, nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks, in contradiction to her. He is controlled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and transported by a smile. The poor young lady in her turn falls in love with this supple creature.—Why? Because he does what she pleases. If, therefore, she marries him, it is because she expects of him the same behaviour for life which is to make *herself*, not *him*, happier. This is *her* calculation, let us now consider *his*. The end and aim of his wishes, if honourable, is matrimony, and he now presents to us the greatest imaginable appearance of disinterestedness in surrendering his fortune, his liberty, nay himself, to the disposal of one who will, after the consummation of the sacrifice, have over him the same influence as Eve had over her husband, and may, for ought he knows, abuse it as she did. Yet, if we minutely investigate the motives which produce this apparently generous conduct, we shall again find that they proceed from the universal origin of self-love, for he must act either from necessity or choice. If from necessity, it can but be to avoid consequences of a different nature, more hurtful or repulsive than the alternative of marrying: such as the dread of starvation, the apprehension of disinheritance in case of refusal or the fear of resentment on the part of the lady's relatives if he should be found to have pledged his word in vain or have paid his addresses without any serious intentions. In every one of these cases, he evidently acts for his own interest, and so he does in fact in every other. For if he marry by choice, it is but to make *himself* happy, for it is generally allowed that matrimony is productive of either supreme felicity or superlative misery, and he is willing to risk the one in hopes of obtaining the other. Is there a man breathing who can lay his hand on his heart, and, as he would answer for it on the last day, say, I married for the advantage of my wife, *not* for my own sake. She was rich, and I feared lest she should be ensnared by some wily fortune-hunter; she was virtuous, and I feared lest she should be deceived by some libertine; she was noble, and I feared lest she should be degraded by an unsuitable match; she was beautiful, and I feared lest her beauty should be concealed

and wither away in neglect. Is there, I repeat, a man who can say thus? No, if he speaks according to his conscience he will say, I married her in expectation of being rendered happy by the possession of her wealth, her virtue, her connections, her beauty. But leave we love and marriage and look for other objects.

Behold the orator, the author, the poet. Think you he speaks, or writes, or rhymes, to benefit society? He cannot say it. You cannot believe it. Some write for gain—some from vanity, or the wish to see their lucubrations in print—others again send forth to the world tenets that have proved their own destruction, and will be found injurious to all who peruse them. Then, pray, Essayist (my reader will say) why do *you*, even you write; is it for fame, for money, or for mischief, or in contradiction to your own doctrine, do you promulgate your ideas for *our* benefit solely. To this I reply—If your question was put with candour, candidly will I answer it. My ultimate motive is doubtless to benefit *myself*; but how do I effect this end? I will tell you: by endeavouring to instruct and benefit you, and if I succeed in this attempt, the success affords me a secret satisfaction and honest pride, which are the infallible result of having done my duty, and thus the reason of my writing is my wish to make *myself* comfortable and you correct in your ideas, for which I am certainly entitled to your gratitude. And what is gratitude? This at least implies disinterestedness, as men are often grateful for past benefits without any expectations for the future. But here again, I ask, do they not mostly evince this gratitude to avoid the stings of their *own* conscience or the reproaches of the world, which might blast their *own* character. At all events, no man will be grateful for the benefits bestowed on *others*, but only for those which he *himself* has experienced.

But what can be a more forcible, nay incontestible argument in favour of my opinion, than that it is implied and connived at, if not openly declared and maintained by our religion. Nay, start not ye godly! for if ye have perused holy writ with attention, ye must be aware that I speak truth. Let us but ask ourselves, whether, according to the tenets of our faith, we are to be virtuous for the sake of others? No!—Virtue is enjoined to us, that, by practising it, we may procure bliss eternal for *ourselves*. Again.—What is the object of charity? Is it not that we may lay up stores for *ourselves* in the world to come? Are we not to judge others? Why? Lest

we *ourselves* be judged. Are we to forgive our enemies? It is that we *ourselves* may be forgiven. If we pray for others, is it not that they may pray for us? Love and charity are greatly recommended by Christian teachers, and well is it for them to be protected by such authority, for self-love is so strongly implanted in human nature, that after the law respecting the worship of our creator, the great and chief commandment is, "Love your neighbour as *yourself*." Aye; as *yourself*! that is, as much as possible; for impossible is it from the very frailty of our nature, from the very structure of humanity, to love ought better than ourselves. In the annals of the world, in the records of time, in the memory of man, there is but one single solitary instance of a devotion for the public weal, of a sacrifice without sin, of a victim without taint. Need I add, that I allude to the sufferings and death of Him, who bore contempt, ill-usage, nay, the deprivation of life itself, for the sake of redeeming those very men who despised, maltreated, and slew him. To meet death for our friends and our country, when instigated by the madness of despair, or the hopes of rewards and fame hereafter, in heaven and earth, is as much, to the full, as human nature is capable of compassing; but to give up life to save his persecutors was reserved but for One. And, Oh! bethink ye who was that One? Attempt not to imitate his conduct, pretend not to emulate his powers. Ignominy will be the guerdon of your foiled attempts, while derision and mockery will laugh you to scorn. Remember the fate of him, who sought to hurl the vivid fire, and force the thunder to re-echo its own vibrations. Proud was the height he reached, vying with his Lord, and he towered in his might. But the blasting flash from an invisible hand marked his destruction, and the awful peals, shaking the rent atmosphere, sealed the fate of him, who usurping an undue authority, found that his lot was but annihilation and nonentity.

CARLO.

CASSANDRA'S PROPHECY.

FROM THE LATIN BY DR. JORTIN.

WHEN Hector left his country's walls,
 And cast a ling'ring look behind,
 Full of the god his sister calls—
 Her tresses floating in the wind;

Ah ! whither, Phœbus — can it be !

Before our brother armies fly :—

Their vessels blaze :—the azure sea

With blood the Grecian heroes dye.

Alas ! how quickly pleasures fleet,

Now Priam's host is backward borne,

And thou, brave man, thy death must meet

Subdu'd by Juno's with'ring scorn.

Bulwark of Troy, her pride, and pain !

Happy since 'tis for her you die,

Happy since Homer's deathless strain

Will hand thee to posterity.

Fate destines mortals to the tomb :

Darkness and awful silence reign ;—

The poet's lay dispels the gloom,

And bids the valiant live again.

E * * * s.

THE PICTURE OF HYMEN.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

It is related, that a rich and handsome young man was deeply enamoured of a beautiful and lovely girl, with whom having already agreed upon, and fixed the day of marriage, he thought himself the gayest, and happiest being in existence. All his thoughts were joy and hopes of happiness ; he already seemed to behold the happy day of his nuptials, the music sounded in his ears ; he saw the tables prepared, his friends and relations at the festival, and especially his elegantly dressed bride, her hair arranged like a Venus, and finally revolved in his imagination all the comforts which I describe, and many others. In the midst of such happiness he ordered a painter to come to him. " Painter," said he, " I wish you to pourtray young Hymen, the god of marriage, as I am going to be married in about a month, and should like to have this courteous and beloved deity in my chamber ; but take care that you paint for me a youth all grace, with rosy cheeks and milk-like skin, and two eyes sparkling with mirth ; one of his hands shall hold a torch with a clear flame ; if you can, make the light resemble that of the sun ; the other shall support a chain of the finest gold, with links scarcely

perceptible, but ornamented here and there with diamonds. Let him be surrounded by the graces, love, jests, sports, and smiles, in a word, both him and all his family, and let it constitute delight and comfort."

The artist accepted the commission, and returning home, perused books of mythology, filled his head and heart with as much joy as possible, then, with an imagination replete with study and invention, designed and painted Hymen, such as he appears described amidst the tones and songs of Olympus. Having finished the picture he carries it to his employer, and displays it to him; the youth gazes, and praises it highly, but not completely; his own felicity was much greater than what he beheld on the canvas; he therefore orders him to retouch it, that he may make Hymen more joyful, and the surrounding figures more smiling. The painter promises to do so, and takes it back with him; but the time allowed him was so short, that the nuptials took place before the alterations could be effected. About a fortnight after the marriage, the painter returns with his work, which he left just as it was before, without putting another stroke. "Alas!" said his employer, on beholding it, "you have made Hymen much more joyful than I desired; these lips smile more than they ought, this chain should be a little thicker, this touch is much too bright, and should emit a little smoke. What more shall I say? since, in less than two months, I shall wish him painted with tears in his eyes, a chain only a hair's breadth less thick than that of a galley slave, and with an extinguished fire-brand, instead of a torch." The painter, however, who was a judicious man, did not wish to execute this malicious portrait, so he painted a Hymen, whose exterior viewed from a distance through crystal, appeared joyful and smiling, and made the eyes appear, when closely inspected, "sunk with weeping" In this manner he gave satisfaction both to lover and husband.

MARCUS.

THE ARISTOCRAT.

Σοὶ μὲν δοκεῖν ταῦτ' ἔσθ', ἀποὶ δ' ἄγαν φρονεῖν. *Soph. Ajax.*

—ELATED with the dignity of his situation, and proud of the possession of power, he assumed the reins of an oligarchical government, and, from the seat of magistracy, he viewed with a malignant

glance, his populous but circumscribed empire. Transported with the extent of his authority, he sways the sceptre with autocratic dignity; and displays in his pride-flushed countenance the frownings of a forbidding mien. Fearless of the attacks of foreign enemies, and incapable of extending the limits of his province, his tyrannic attention is confined to his subjects:—from them he exacts the most abject and servile subjection; the least offence incurs his severe and lasting displeasure;—his menials are punished with deprivation of office, his superior vassals with fine and imprisonment, with banishment temporal and eternal:—many have been the objects of his hatred, a few the subjects of his kindness. With what rigour does he exact the strict observance of obsequious respect! with what dignified consequence does he walk abroad! with what absolute authority does he utter his mandates! with what alacrity does he require them to be executed! His deportment to his inferiors is dissembled courtesy, and fair-faced contempt; to his equals, secret dislike, sullen reserve, and aspiring assumption. Deeming all around him to be his inferiors, and unworthy his confidence or his friendship, his only delight is the inward contemplation of his princely rank and power, and the high sense he (falsely) thinks is entertained by his intrinsic worth. Hating and hated by his competitors in authority, envious of his superiors and jealous of his inferiors, dreading the latent attacks of the assaulter, and fearful of insubordination among his subjects, his life is one continued scene of malignant imagination and suspicious terror; and in order to lull a smiting and a warning conscience, he either gives himself up to luxury or debauchery, or else vainly seeks repose on the thorny couch of study and solitude. Enraged with the rest of the world, and finally displeased with himself, he mopes and rails in his lonely retirement; his indisposition unheeded by his subjects, his absence unfelt by his equals. Attended only by his physician from motives of lucre, and by one solitary domestic from absolute compulsion, and unable by friendship or good-will to prevail on any to visit him, he is reduced to misery indeed, and is lastly borne to his “long home” by a tearless and sorrowless train, equally rejoiced at their release from tyranny and the hopes of a more praiseworthy successor. Thus lives unbeloved and dies unlamented a ——— *resident OXFORD FELLOW!!!*

* * *